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THE ESTABLISHMENT, in Greek Street. E and I [redacted] joined this some time ago, but it was the first time we had visited its so-called clubhouse. We dined there. The place was jam-packed. Most of the episodes in the show were of the same topical nature one sees in "Beyond the Fringe". This sort of performance is common in France and in Germany, and I think would have a considerable vogue in the United States.

January 19, 1962 - Friday

I left for Hatfield at 8:30 this morning to shoot. The guns were Bobbety Salisbury, his son, Robert Cranborne, three charming Cranborne grandchildren no one of whom could have been more than twelve years old, Ronald Bassatt, Simon Bowes-Lyon, and two others beside myself.

At this time of year, they only shoot cock pheasants, with the exception of those drives near neighboring borders. It rained cats and dogs in the morning, so the birds did not fly well. By afternoon, following a delicious lunch, it cleared, and the sport was excellent. We killed over 100 pheasants, many of them high and difficult birds. This is a marvelously run shoot. Salisbury shot a woodcock, darting through trees, at a distance of at least 60 yards. Like his host, Bassatt is also a fine shot.

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January 20, 1962 - Saturday

At the office this morning. For days, it has rained night and morning, and sometimes in the afternoon. There were gales for almost a week, some of them approaching a speed of 100 miles an hour. Our lawn is littered with fallen branches.

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frequently did, to meet foreign buyers, he dressed himself in the Cameron plaid and kilts, inscribing himself on hotel registers as "The Cameron of Cameron".

His proper superscription caused anguish. I have, likewise, been puzzled from a protocol standpoint, ~~with~~ by similar difficulties ~~in London.~~ At the moment, I have two Scottish correspondents who sign themselves "The _____ of _____". I do not know them wel' enough to address them by their first names, and I fear to offend them by using their last. I have compromised by starting off with "Sir".

It might also be mentioned that in the Southern States, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, Sir Walter Scott was, perhaps, the most popular author. No library was considered complete unless it sheltered several of his works. Moreover, a print of Abbotsford often served as a model for the erection of a bastard copy, usually ~~in miniature~~ small, of the sage's dwelling.

The idealistic treatment of Southern women owed much to his depiction of female characters. Lady Rowenas were to be found in many a plantation watered by the Mississippi, ~~in imitation.~~ in imitation, or

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witty at the expense of Scots was almost as dangerous as stepping on an adder.

The long struggle between England and Scotland had left its mark on the peoples of both countries, even after the kingdoms had been reunited under a mutual monarch. Prejudices continued to exist, though I suppose they were more jocose than serious. Probably it was a disappointed Bordeaux wine merchant who wrote, a propos of a favorable duty on the importation of Port:

"Firm as a rock, the Caledonian stood,
Sound was his mutton and his claret good,
Let him drink Port! the British statesman cried.
He drank the poison--and his spirit died."

My own country has vastly benefited by those Scots who have settled there. In almost every city of consequence, they have been prominent. In Pittsburgh, for example, three of the greatest American philanthropists, Andrew Carnegie, Andrew Mellon, and Henry Frick, were either direct immigrants from Scotland, or only one generation removed.

But tonight we are celebrating the birth of Robert Burns, possibly the most widely famed of all his countrymen. This superb genius lived only thirty-seven years, but his poetry will survive as long as the language, or should I say

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